

THE FLYING ARTILLERY

Wind-up of the Eastern Excursion.

The Imperial City—Soldiers that don't stand (still)—A Swing on the Bridge—The devil plays bowls with the dedus—An ear-splitting reception—Thirty-three below—Fever heat inside—The Queen's Boarding House—A running Report of a Racing Ring.

Leaving our dear comrades behind at Maxville, we soon sight the Imperial City, Ottawa. We found Captain Grayson in good spirits and although she had only just arrived, they had had some convalescence, and of course we could not help but praise God for His saving power. The church was really a splendid one. There was Jimmy Irwin with the colors as usual and a lot of others, so familiar to us. Thank God the Army converts don't stand all the time, but they march on a bold and fiery crowd, ever ready to do the Saviour's bidding. It was rather hard to keep our instruments from fraying, but thank God we were enabled to make the people hear about salvation.

We found the building crowded and we soon sat down.

Lifting Our Jesus

the mighty to save those who are dying, and make them brave.

It is true they were a little stiff at first, but a few "breakdances" from the ever happy Irwin made them quite supple.

"A happy day, sir," was sung, and no mistake, the audience took it up well.

Other songs were sung, and lots of real Blood and Fire testimonies were given, after which Staff-Lieut. Wade, the French T. H. gave a stirring address on the French work, also the Training Division in the city of Montreal, and appealed for us to carry on the work of good work the French Canadian way. Thank God they came nobly to her help, and so much grace did our brother have that some prepared.

We closed the meeting with one young girl, and the next day, who afterwards said: "Thank God! He has saved me, I am determined to go right on."

Our next move is to Chateauguay where we find Captain McCamney and his Lieut. in the thick of the fight.

Our march at night was rather an interesting one. The road was covered with the high ledges, the banks of the river, and Captain H. Lewis lagged down, with the same drum, and two soldiers in the rear.

There were crowds of people on both sides of the road, and we were enabled to give them a talk for victory, and pray that God would have mercy.

When returning to the hall, the boys got swinging the temporary bridge that spans the river, and it seemed as though we were going to have a cold bath. The water was very cold, but the big drummer, and all went well, and we found a nice crowd awaiting our return.

The meeting went lively, and although many soldiers, they did their part well. The Devil was very underneath as usual, with a bawling wail.

It will be soon to this corps when they can run & wade without having a

tinian appearance of this kind. The people helped the French work liberally and we felt, although no one came out for salvation, that God was with us and they would be sure to reap the fruit by and by.

May the Lord bless the people of Quebec and give them a salvation that will not be afraid to show itself.

With the aid of Jake and his helpers, we ran the baggage to the depot, rest for the midnight train to Peterborough. After a long hard day, we were half tired and half fatigued, so we lay down forward with our little bags, and the last call to make the crowd on either side of the street, heard salvation. Both bands played, and no doubt the people had a treat for once, we had a nice crowd of people.

It was a great treat for us, too. We thank God for a band that could play so well. Our brother was taking us to our billet, but he pointed out to us that "Quo' D'ordre Bleu" (S.H.) had told us that they had not been to the Cross seeking pardon.

This is our third visit to this place, and we remember so much we were blessed when we before, and we are determined to have a still more blessed time if possible. The soldiers were still alive and having a good time. They were not backward at giving their testimonies, or joining spiritual songs. We had a fine time, and the people had spent three months in this place, for running a drinking and gambling saloon, and playing cards all night, with firearms at hand, and the like. We thank God for this.

"There's no room in Jesus" was sung, and the people invited to the rents, and the meeting closing.

The dear Lord blessed the simple services with his grace, and his blessing on the room; and He pointed out His blessing abundantly. A big crowd crested in the afternoon. No doubts they had come believing for a lively time, and they had bugled to help them. "It is truly a gift." After a good concert, we had a nice crowd assembled in the roller room awaiting us, and in spite of the cold, and the strenuous exertions that cannot be described, the band played and went by a swing. It was a good crowd, and after all, said our brother, in his testimony with face all aglow, said: "If it is so good down there, why not let it be so here?"

The Minister's new song, "The French original song, "We'll do the boys going, and it seems to stop us." I supposed it was for the lack of time. How far they had to travel, and the like. "It is truly a gift." After a good concert, we had a nice crowd assembled in the roller room awaiting us, and in spite of the cold, and the strenuous exertions that cannot be described, the band played and went by a swing. It was a good crowd, and after all, said our brother, in his testimony with face all aglow, said: "If it is so good down there, why not let it be so here?"

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After the benediction was pronounced and we were proceeding to pack up a poor old man came with twenty-five cents in his hand, and said: "God grant you success." We gave him a song and death song, and he said: "Thank God!" He afterwards got saved at the supper table, and gave the money to the French work. We are again on our way to Peterborough, where we will be about noon.

Passover is our easy place. On our way we meet with our dear comrade, Major Spooner, and Lieut. Captain Siegel and his hallelujah boys going to their respective commands at Moncton. The Staff-Lieut. left us here after spending two weeks with us, and is going to his much-needed work among the French.

We were met at the station by Captains Siegel and Lieut. Stevens. Almost for the first time that night, "five out for salvation" last night, "glory to God, it helped us on our way beautifully."

We had a mad march and while the passengers were leaving, the girls were gathered together in the town, and all well in a good time. "But oh, how glad we are to have these people here," remarked one, the mineral who likes stiffness in his hair, degree to do something all the time, and the like. "It is truly a gift." And thank God for victory. Give us a new converts just two weeks old, and save us for the French work. We are again on our way to Peterborough, where we will be about noon.

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Another who had run straight eight dollars down in a short time, was the peace he had in his heart, through his salvation. Many others told of the good God who had been their—men and women, old and young, who had been converted to the Saviour, and had come to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. Hallelujah!

After some slight talking with them about salvation, they were invited to come and accept it, but they seemed satisfied. At Rexton we find Captain Litchfield and Lieut. Cudell bravely holding the fort in good style. After waiting at Smith's Falls for us to arrive we took the road to Boville.

Here again the children were out of order coming in late, and some more were late, but the Good Shepherd was carried in a cart, and the people were soon crowded, and nobody had time to get in. One sister described it as being in her eyes, and the like, and could not help but be happy whenever she saw her brother.

Staff-Lieut. Wade declared she had not come with a single free people for a long time, but the Devil had good news which they gave for the French work had something to do with it.

There were some who had some pappy

time off we arrived in Gananoque next day. There was quite a crowd at the service, and we found many people believing for a lively time, and they had it. Not much difference among the people who testified was Wade, who had been a terrible character before he was born, and the other veterans who have been saved a long time testified.

Some also testified who had only been

miles to be present, and we could hear them singing on their way home, making the country echo again with salvation songs.

Capt. B. White and his older half (Cecil) arrived at that place, also our colored brother who moves all our baggage, and we soon had them fixed in the hall. As we march out at night we find that the Devil has been here, to make us work hard and reduce us to nothing.

Conrad Capt. Eddie Kelly, "I fight it out," says one weepeth from the core, at 4:10 a.m. True enough the people had a treat for once, we had a nice crowd of people to be present, and we could hear them singing on their way home, making the country echo again with salvation songs.

The Staff-Lieut. gave a stirring address on how French work is to be done, and the like, and the people show.

Naomi sang about the salvation of Jesus.

At 7:30 a.m. the church was taken up with the organ, and the choir sang.

The organist sang about the salvation of Jesus.

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SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Christ Our Man.

ADT. PHILPOTT.

TIME—*Wanted to the Music of the Lark*, or "Under the Sun."

WHAT a lot of consolation and encouragement is raised:

On the cross, May's the shadow day,
In the midst of the crowd who will shout
the aloud.

For "Jesus Nah," or "Elias," I burst;
The world finds no fault, does not say
they are mad;

Though the glory to men they do give,
But let a Salvationist bid you God to the

truth,

And they say he is not fit to live.

PROHIBITION we admit, might fix drinks up.
But what sinners did it ever set free,
They must try unto God and get under
the blood;

And from their passions get full liberty,
Now friends all to win, and open your eyes,
To these things which are facts you'll
know well;

In a few short years more, we'll stand on
the shore,

Destined either for Heaven or hell.

For my part I say, I'll keep in the good

way;

The voice to my Saviour as dead,

And I know when I die, to His arms I

will fly;

And have a seat even higher than Mayor.

2 A Welcome.

BY CAPT. THOMAS McDONALD.

TIME—*"The Welcome Home."*

One heart-broken, and weary, and sad;
Everywhere looking for rest;

But when I came to the dear Saviour's

arms

I've found upon His loving breast,
Oh, how my heart in His gladness doth leap;

As I think of the change that has come,
Now I'll work for Jesus till in death I

shall sleep.

Then loves ones will welcome me home.

CLOSING.

There'll be some one to welcome me

There'll be some one to welcome me home;

Loved ones in Heaven long gone on be-

fore me;

Will he waiting to welcome me home,

I knelt at His feet, and my sins I con-

fessed.

"If Thou will, Lord Thou canst make

My soul free by sin and the devil pe-

nished.

I free and thank God I can sing.

Father and mother now stand on the

earth,

I promise them I too would come,

If I am foolish and endure to the end

They will sing we a glad "Welcome

Home."

Now since the Saviour has bid me go free,

Saying, "Go sin no more."

I have no desire to eat another blast

And I'll be back to the earth no more.

So if from sin now you wail to be free

Do as I did, and to the Saviour come;

God in His mercy will answer your prayer,

And angels will welcome you home!

3 Joy and Gladness.

CAPT.-GEN'L. MINISTER, T. V. H.
TIME—*Climbing up the Golden Stair.*

THE heart is full of gladness,
And I have no cause for sadness;
O God, I thank Thee, Great Mistr'r,
For what I've found is nice,
It's that pearl of greatest price,
Climbing up the Gospel stairs,
Praise God for full salvation,
It's the golden comfort.

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

My heart is full of singing,

I have no cause for fear,

My Saviour guides my footsteps,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

Oh, my glad I am forgiven,

And marching on to Heaven,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

But there's no fighting here,

Before I get up there,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

So I'll grasp my Bible firm,

And hold on the armrest,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

And with all my heart I come,

I would live in the light,

I would live ever for the right,

I would serve with all my might,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

Just as I am the world to flee,

To be the best that I can be,

For truth and righteousness and These,

Lord of my life I come.

Just as I am, no dreams of God,

To make my love for Thee grow cold,

But ever true to hold,

For my whole I come.

I would like to have the fervent,

"Well I'd done then faithful servant,"

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

For I'll trip up the thorn,

Climbing up the Golden stairs.

Then on God's right hand I'll stand,

With my heart and palm in hand,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

And I'll sing the mighty strong,

As the song the glad new song,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

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For I'll trip up the thorn,

Climbing up the Golden stairs.

Then on God's right hand I'll stand,

With my heart and palm in hand,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

And I'll sing the mighty strong,

As the song the glad new song,

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

I would like to have the fervent,

"Well I'd done then faithful servant,"

Climbing up the Gospel stairs.

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